

The Litchfield Enquirer

Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, and the Interests of Litchfield County.

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BY JAMES HUMPHREY, JR.

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Poetry.

TIT FOR TAT.

OR, THE COQUETTE FURNISHED.

Ellen was fair, and knew it, too,
As other village beauties do,
Whose mirrors never lie;
Secure of any swain's choice,
She smiles on half a dozen beaux,
And, reckless of a lover's woes,
She cheats these and taunts those;
For how could any one suppose
A clown could take her eye?

But whispers through the village ran,
That Edgar was the happy man,
The maid designed to bless;
For wherefore moved the fair,
The youth was like her shadow, there,
And rumor boldly matched the pair,
For village folks will guess.

Edgar did love, but still delayed
To make confession to the maid,
So bashful was the youth;
But let the flame in secret burn,
Certain of meeting a return,
When from his lips the fair should learn,
Officially, the truth.

At length, one morn, to taste the air,
The youth and maid, in one-horse chair,
A long excursion took.
Edgar had never his bashful heart
So freely opened to the fair;
For all suspense had caused a smart.
He could no longer baffle.

He drove, nor slackened once his reins,
Till Hampstead's wide extended plains
Seemed joined to skies above;
Nor horse, nor tree, nor shrub was near,
The rude and dreary landscape clear,
Nor soul within ten miles to hear—
And still poor Edgar's silly fear
Forbade to speak of love.

At last one desperate effort broke
The bashful spell, and Edgar spoke
With most persuasive tone;
Recounted past attentions o'er,
And then, by all that's lovely, swore
That he would love for evermore,
If she'd be his own.

The maid in silence heard his prayer,
Then, with a most provoking air,
She uttered in his face;
And said, "This time for you to know
A lovely girl must have a beau,
Just like a reticule—no show;
And at her nod to come and go—
But be she knows his place,
Your penetration must be dull,
To let a hoar within your skull
Of matrimony spring.

You will be his, my dear, my word,
The thought is laughably absurd
As anything I ever heard—
I never dreamed of such a thing."

The lover quickly dropped his rein,
Now on the centre of the plain—
"The linchpin's out!" he cried;
"Be blessed, one moment to alight,
Till I can set the matter right,
That we may safely ride."

He said, and handed out the fair—
Then laughing, cracked his whip in air,
And wheeling round his horse and chair,
Exclaimed, "Adieu, I leave thee here,
In haste to ride to town."
"What mean you, sir?" the maiden cried,
Did you invite me out to ride
To leave me here without a guide?
"Nay, stop, and take me home."

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rich—indeed, I don't believe he's as well off as
seems to be; and the family is large—all girls
too, just a bill of expense, you know, and I
don't like to have father furnish me with music
lessons any longer, for I know he can't afford it.
But I wouldn't give up my music for the world;
I only want to pay part of the expenses myself.
Father isn't alone—he looks more and more care-
worn every day. I am really afraid, and the
voice fell, and became very serious, "I am real-
ly afraid things are going wrong with him. Be-
sides I want to be doing something—I'm a bet-
ter girl when I feel that I am not a drone and
dependent. Yes, surely, I must and will have a
school—there! Will you help me?"

The brown bonnet caught the girl's enthu-
siasm, and promised.
You must have known reader, from the brief
description of my friend Kelly, that he was the
superintendent. Who else was so well
qualified to look after the interests of the public
schools? One morning at six o'clock—my friend
rises at five, and has a good fire in his office and
has an appetite for breakfast at six. A rap fell
upon the outer door. Kelly rose and opened it.
"Good morning, ladies, walk in."

The brown bonnet came in with
dignity; the blue hat pronounced the same timi-
dity and passed in.
"My niece would like to be examined, to take
the school in our district."

"Certainly," said the town superintendent,
laying the paper on the table. "Certainly, your
niece—your niece shall be examined."
Madam. Warm morning, madam, wiping the
perspiration from his face with a sheet of writ-
ing paper.

"Bless you! it's the coldest morning we've
had this fall," said the astonished aunt. "Why
Mary's face has been like a penny, all the way
ridin' in the wind. Just look at it!"

"There was no need, for my friend had seen
something more than the blue hat, some minutes
before."

"Certainly, madam, certainly—very red—I
mean very cold indeed madam, very."

The town superintendent was not long, how-
ever in getting better possession of his faculties;
and at length the examination commenced.
"Your residence, if you please," said Kelly,
blanly.

"Milwaukee," timidly.
"May I ask where you were educated?" con-
tinued the questioner, looking for once into the
eyes, which were gazing, despite the blushing
embarrassed features.

"In the public schools, sir."
"Did you graduate?"
"Yes, sir."
"May I look at your diploma?"

The lady handed him a roll tied with blue rib-
bon. Kelly tried hard to untie it, but soon got
the knot in a bad fix. The pretty fingers of the
blue hat were called into requisition, and the
knot was conquered before him, under his
eyes. Opening the roll, he commenced.
"Mary Denver! Is that your name?"

"Yes, sir."
"Your father's name?"
"Charles."
"Merchant?"
"Yes, sir."

"Why, I was clerk in his store when you were
a child. He was the noblest employer I ever
had. He made me all I am. I mean he made
me what I am, for that is all I can say."

Kelly glanced at the entrance, and he would
bring it over next day, which he did.

During the whole term he was very faithful in
official visits to the school; and just before the
close of the session my friend said:
"Well, Mary! I like it, and besides I haven't
accomplished half I want to yet."

"What do you want to accomplish?"
"I want to continue my music."
"What else?"
"I want to dole the Minnie."

"What else?"
"I want to feel that I am useful, that I am
doing something."

I want to hire you, Mary, and I will pay you
what will enable you to do all this."

"You want to hire me? What can I do for
you?"

"Keep my house, and be my wife, Mary."

And then town superintendent got his arm round
Mary's waist and held her tight, though she
struggled a little at first.

"Let me go a little and I will tell you."

He released the little figure, and Mary stood
before him, trembling, blushing, twirling the
strings of the blue hat around her fingers, look-
ing down upon the floor, giving once into his
smiling eyes, her breast rising and falling till
the cameo pin swung to and fro like a ship on the
billows.

"Do you love me?"
"With my whole soul."
"Did you ever love anybody else?"
"Never in all my life."

"Can a little girl like me—looking earnestly
in his face—can a little girl like me, devoted,
tossing you almost to reverence, make you happy
on a wall."

"No one in all the world but you."

The little maiden stepped close to his side and
hid herself under his arm.

We reprint from the World of the 27th
the following graphic account of a concert
in London which from the number and celebrity
of the performers and the novelty and extent
of the place created a great furor in the metropo-
lis. The affair is recent. It was the first con-
cert on which the dome of St. Christopher
Wren has ever covered such a scene. The re-
port was not designed for the public eye. It
occurs in a private letter:

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CONCERT UNDER THE DOME
OF ST. PAUL'S LONDON.

My expectations were raised to the highest
point, but I cannot express how far they were
transcended. To understand the effect you
should first form an idea of the building. Just
imagine the whole building, with walls as high
as a cathedral, a vaulted ceiling, and a dome
500 feet, and the dome of course spans some
thing like 100 feet, i. e., it is shaped like an im-
mense cone, only being a more perfect sphere
and so solid stone, and so smooth, that a sound
will fill it, whose a clear tone. Now at the
base of the dome (one hundred feet from the
floor) where it rests on the walls, there are one
thousand jets of gas. These all lighted, and so
high as to be above the eye, unless the head is
thrown quite back, reflected from the walls, and
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